

# Sayonara by Edilberto Tiempo

---

## Sayonara

### *Edilberto K. Tiempo*

Pascual woke up with the pressure of a gun muzzle on his chest; looking down at him was a Japanese soldier. The gun of another Japanese was pointed at Ladislao who was on his feet and appeared belligerent. Amando was sitting up, dazed, staring at the muzzle of a gun a few inches from his face. Two other Japanese soldiers were at the door.

A Japanese officer joined the soldier standing above Pascual. "UP!" barked the officer. "UP!"

Whoever squealed, Pascual thought. If he got him.

One Japanese, a corporal, was opening a decrepit wooden trunk and another drawer of an old cabinet, scattering a few rags and empty boxes on the floor. They moved the cabinet away from the wall to see if any weapon was hidden behind. The two soldiers then proceeded to the two other rooms in the house; the house had been abandoned by its owners who had been evacuated to the hills.

No, they wouldn't find anything unless they looked behind the inside band of the hat of Ladislao who had inserted the clipping of a page of *Life* magazine which had been brought, among other things – guns, ammos, uniforms, medicines, mosquito nets – by the first American submarine that came in January, 1943, from Australia. The three of them had been assigned to show the clipping to influential persons in the town who had been helping the guerrillas. They also spread the news that the submarine had brought Major Jesus Villamor, the only Filipino to win the Congressional Medal of Honor, together with some men to form the nucleus of counter-intelligence work in the country. Japanese propaganda, strengthened by repeated victories in all fronts in the Pacific, had been quite effective in lowering the morale of the people in the occupied areas and shaking the loyalty of some. To them the clipping, dated seven months after the fall of Corregidor, could only mean that the steel ring the Japanese boasted they had thrown around the country had been breached.

Ladislao's hat looked harmless hanging on an antler of the stag's skull pegged to the wall above the cabinet. The Japanese did not even look at it. They found nothing suspicious except a bolo in its sheath dangling on a nail behind the door. The officer ordered a soldier to take it away.

They could have the bolo, Pascual thought. But it was time they left.

The Japanese officer suddenly bellowed him. "Tenshun!"

Pascual stood at attention, and immediately saw his mistake.

"Ah," the officer said, smiling "USAFFE. You are obedient soldier, Obedient soldier of MacArthur. But MacArthur's soldiers bow to Japanese in Bataan. The coward MacArthur runs away, tail between his legs."

He turned to Pascual's companions. "You are not obedient. You are volunteer guerillas, yes? Your shirts – off!"

He thumped their chests, felt of the biceps and the muscles on the shoulders. He smiled again. "USAFFE also," he declared. "Muscles of right shoulder harder than left." Pinching the muscles on the right shoulder, he went on, "This is where gun rest."

Pascual wanted to laugh. Any right handed labourer to this Japanese is a soldier, for two petroleum cans of water balanced on a bamboo pole, a length of wood, or a sack of sweet potatoes were weights heavy enough to mark a man similarly.

"Do not deny. Piripinos, no enemy of Nippon, Piripinos, friends. By Americans—" He struck his neck with the edge of his open palm.

"We only ask you to stop fighting. War is already over in Piripins. We must work together. As proof we are friends, we release USAFFE soldiers."

As a final gesture of the Japanese to win over the "outlaws," as they caked the guerillas, they had set free USAFFE war prisoners. But Pascual knew this Jap was wily.

“Now do not deny, Nippon is hard on people who do not tell the truth. We have many ways to get the truth. Ways, ways. Some of them no man can stand. No man. A man can stand up to a point only, so please do not force us. Better to tell now. Better to be friends.

“All right, we are guerillas,” said Amando.

Pascual and Ladislao looked at him, What in Satan’s name did he do that for? In the next instant, however, Pascual realized his automatic response to the “Attention” command was an open betrayal, too.

“I could kill you for that,” Ladislao muttered in the dialect.

“Guide us to your camp,” the officer demanded.

“We have no camp,” Amando replied

“No camp?”

“We are always on the move.”

“Then give names of you officers.”

Giving the names meant betraying the officers’ families and relatives living in occupied areas and being made hostages to compel surrender.

“No. I – we cannot tell you.”

“The names. That is the price of release.”

Pascual caught the eye of Ladislao who wanted to fight their way out while there were still three of them against the five Japanese. They might die in the attempt but if they could kill one or two. That would be better than the inevitable torture they would be subjected to. One Jap saw Ladislao’s unspoken message, snarled something in Japanese as he leveled his gun at him while another covered Pascual.

“As Americans say, no monkey business,” said the officer. “You know what happens. Now tell, or —”

“No.” said Amando.

The Jap raised his gun and delivered a butt stroke on Amando’s stomach. Amando staggered and fell on the floor. The officer turned to Ladislao. “Now, you – aggressive one. You know what happen if you do not tell.”

Ladislao spat smack on the officer’s face. As the Jap raised his gun to strike Ladislao gave him a blow to the chin which sent the officer reeling backward. One Jap soldier swung his gun like axe and struck Ladislao who crumpled up.

The officer wiped his face with a colored handkerchief which he threw among the junk scattered on the floor, stepped forward and kicked Ladislao in the face. Blood oozed from Ladislao’s torn mouth. He now turned to Pascual.

“As a soldier and an officer, you know I cannot be compelled to give the names of my comrades.”

“For disobeying General Wainwright’s order to surrender and joining the guerillas you are an outlaw, according to international law. You have to tell.”

“No. That is my answer.

“No?” The Jap’s lashless eyelids made him look like a python about to hibernate. “You are brave man. But in brief time you will not be brave. We have ways to make you tell.” He pointed at Ladislao. “Pick up!”

Pascual knelt by Ladislao, raised him to a sitting position. Blood was still trickling from his mouth as well as from the gash on the back of his right hand. The gun had hit it before crashing on his shoulder.

“You can get up, can’t you?”

Ladislao nodded.

Pascual helped him up. "Lean on me."

It's all right. I can go on my own."

Outside the house Pascual saw some people peeping furtively from windows. There were other Japanese soldiers down the street, a platoon of them. They must have arrived at dawn and guided to the house. Pascual and his companions occupied when they were in town. Whoever was responsible for this, Pascual thought, must pay, must be made to pay.

The Japs paraded them in the main street. The town had only two streets running parallel to the shoreline. It was as though he and his companions were prized captives since they were flanked by a platoon of soldiers. The street was deserted, people, women and young men, upon seeing the Japanese soldiers from a distance, kept away from the street. The elderly stood a few feet from windows.

The column turned around the corner leading to the jetty where a launch was moored.

So, Pascual thought. They did not dare take the national highway anymore; they must find land travel quite costly, in men and vehicles. Taking the boat from their headquarters in the capital to the coastal towns was the safest route for them. The launch had been commandeered from a Chinese merchant who used it to ferry passengers four times daily across the channel between Negros and Cebu.

Before Pascual and his companion boarded the launch, the Japanese corporal led them to a pile of coral rocks on the beach a hundred meters from the jetty. The rocks were intended for a sea wall against the northeast monsoon slowly eating away sections of the shoreline from November to April. The corporal was accompanied by two Japanese privates, each guarding one prisoner. The corporal pointed at one coral rock for Pascual, a brain coral three times the size of a man's head.

Ladislao and Amando picked up the rocks assigned to them, and were followed by the two Japanese soldiers, five feet behind, and their guns at the ready.

Didn't know the launch needed ballast, Pascual thought. That would mean hauling a couple of tons or so of the rocks.

“You know what for? The rocks?” the corporal asked quietly.

Pascual looked at him, saying nothing.

“Very useful, yes? They make good lime. Lime is purifier. Purifies water and sugar and minerals like iron and copper.” The corporal’s face was serious. For a moment Pascual wondered what he was talking about.

“Before the war I worked in sintering plant in Japan. In Laboratory.

The man didn’t look like a man who had worked in a laboratory. He was a squat, squad fellow, a little bow-legged and his gun seemed an extension of his arm.

“Piripins has many coral reefs. Good breeding places for fish. Coral rocks in sea bottom are beautiful. All shapes. Some are like Japanese fans, but more beautiful. Some like fingers. Some like that one look like brain. Under water brain coral do not look so good, it look uglier on land. For industrial lime it is not so good as from limestone.”

Pascual was only half listening to the corporal, who seemed to have a compulsion to talk. At the moment he was less a soldier than a man who had the muscularity and stance of a ditch digger.

“That kind,” the corporal went on, nodding at the coral at Pascual’s feet. “That kind is good for walls, when shaped properly. Sea wall or church wall, I have seen a few churches in Piripins. The old ones all made of coral rocks, up to the roof. In my town in Japan, near Kyoto, there was a Christian church, also made of coral blocks. It was built by Catholic missionaries centuries ago, Jesuit missionaries.” He paused and seemed hesitated to go on. “My grandfather was a Christian.”

“Are you a Christian?”

“No I am Shinto. But I knew my grandfather when I was a boy. At five years, I had infantile paralysis. It was my grandfather who made me walk. He forced me to walk. Before he died I was able to walk again.” He was quiet for a while. “My grandfather was a good man.”

The corporal looked down at the brain coral at Pascual's feet, as though seeing it for the first time; he seemed to be counting the convolutions. The rock, faintly resembling a human brain, could fill the skull of a giant.

"That rock," the Japanese was mumbling to himself. "It has a different use. So very sorry. It's a sinker. To pull you down to the sea bottom."

There was no cruelty in the voice, indeed it sounded like an apology.

From the corner of his eyes Pascual saw other Japanese soldiers twenty or so meters away, two of them sitting on the sand looking at the island across the channel, the cap of one perched on his knee. When I pick the rock, he was thinking. I'll hurl it at you. A life for a life.

"I know you want to kill me," the Japanese corporal said. "But no chance for you." He gestured toward the soldiers. "One bullet is enough. Of course that is easier death. No pain. And quick." He added, "I think you are brave man. You will not do what you are asked to do. But you have to pay for your conviction."

Ladislao, a Japanese soldier a few steps at his back, was climbing the little incline to the jetty; Amando, guarded similarly, was a few feet behind.

"With sinker," the corporal was telling Pascual, "you have a chance."

Pascual silent, studied the face of the man.

"You have a chance. You can swim of course. When you live on small islands swimming is like walking, yes? Now is time to go."

Pascual hefted the rock and shouldered it. The other soldiers, he thought, were probably thinking this strange Japanese with him was trying to make him come around to do what torture or threats of death wouldn't do since so far he alone had not been inflicted any physical punishment.

On the deck they were ordered to set the rocks on the prow, against the wall of the wheelhouse, and then made to squat. Two soldiers tied their hands with lengths of one-inch

rope and took them down the hold through a narrow iron stairway. Their feet were bound and then chest trussed up on beams on the wall. The Chinese owner had use the deck for passengers and the hold as a storeroom for copra or banana stalks or sacks of corn or rice. The hold was separated from the engine room by steel plates soldered to steel bars supporting the deck amidship. Because the only source of air and light was the stairway opening, three feet square, it was stifling hot inside. There was a persistent smell of urine and human excreta. The Japanese had obviously intended not to clean or fumigate the hold as a little part of their torture inventory.

“Amando,” Ladislao was saying, “I could strangle you for this.”

“No use for recrimination, Islao,” said Pascual. “Im also to blame.”

“No. The Japs couldn’t have been sure if that whit-livered poltroon there didn’t squeal.

There followed a long silence. His eyes had now grown used to the semi-darkness. Pascual could now clearly see the rope binding his hands. When the Japanese corporal was lashing him, Pascual had clasped his left fist with his right hand, setting his wrists as far apart as he could make it. He had watched him tie the rope around them, one loop followed by another and the two lengths twisted below his thumbs and passed around between his hands and finally knotted on the underside of the wrists.

When he turned his hands in opposite directions, only his index and middle fingers could touch the second knot. One rope end was a foot long, the other about two meters, and this longer length was used to secure him to the hull beam. His two fingers could feel the two knots tight under his wrists. By twisting his fists, the left hand facing him, he could use his teeth on the looped rope while his two fingers tried to loosen the knot. Why didn’t the Jap tie his hands behind him? It would have been impossible to loosen the knot within the time the rock sinker was pulling him down to the sea bottom. It was likely that the longer end, the length that trussed his chest up to the hull beam, would be used for the rock sinker and the remaining length to be tied around his body, or legs, or ankles. Whichever was the case, he might be able to undo the knot around his wrists in half a minute, but what time he have to extricate himself from the millstone in the dark as it pulled him down? And then here would be the terrific pressure as he went deeper and deeper.

The first thing he must do then would be to get rid of the rock and then he could kick his way up as he unfettered his hands with teeth and fingers.

“What do you think those are for?” The voice of Ladislao cut the silence. Pascual did not notice any anxiety in the voice. It was just a question.

Pascual did not answer. There was no sense in torturing him and Amando with the truth. Telling them would only prolong the agony for Ladislao who probably could not make much use of his hands. Quick death, as from a bullet through the head, would be no death at all. That would be the kind of death he would have for all of them right now.

“Pascual, what do you think those rocks are for?”

There was now a hint of apprehension in Ladislao’s voice. Pascual had known him as a man who took anything in stride, quick in reflexes, quick to anger and as quick to condone. But the Japanese he would always hate. The reason he joined the guerrillas was that his only sister had been raped and killed by the Japanese.

“Maybe the Japs need them for an anchor. You know how hard it is to get things like that these days.”

“Anchor, huh?”

Ladislao sounded as though he really wanted to say. “Whom are you fooling?” But he did not pursue the subject, and perhaps had an intimation what the rocks were for.

Pascual turned his hands around and put his teeth on one loop of the outer knot while his index and middle fingers worked on the other. The knot was tight. He rested for a while and repeated the process, and then bit the other loop and pulled; the rope gave way a little. By alternating teeth and fingers on the loops after about half an hour the knot slackened and in a matter of a few minutes it was untied. He now started on the first knot.

By undoing it, following the same procedure, he would push the rope toward his forearm, make the knot there, and return it to the base of his hands, that way he would have more maneuverability. He might even do the first loop in such a manner that he could slip his

hands out and yet get the rope deceptive tightness. He then could release his hands almost immediately after he had touched water and lose no time in getting rid of the millstone.

“The mayor is on board.” It was Amando who spoke for the first time.

“What mayor?” Ladislao asked brusquely.

“The town mayor. I saw him coming up the gangplank just as I was going down that stairway.”

Ladislao was the first to get down, followed by Pascual.

“Do you think he has anything to do with our being caught, with our being here?” Ladislao had intended the question for Pascual.

“I don’t know. Though he’s probably being summoned to the capital for some conference.”

Ladislao was now chuckling. “They’re now really scared to take the road from the capital, aren’t they?”

From another side of the hold came the voice of Amando. “Maybe the mayor can do something for us. My father did him a big favour a few years ago. It had to do with a corn mill. The mayor didn’t have enough collateral for a bank loan. My father supplied it. That was the beginning of the mayor’s branching out into other business deals. He later bought a large fishpond in Polo and was starting to construct a salt bed when the war broke out.

Amando was quiet for a while. “I think he’ll get us out of this. He will get us out of this. He will get us out of this. “He spoke that last sentence to reassure himself.

The loop on the first knot had slackened and Pascual pushed it to the middle of his forearm. It was possible, he thought, that the major would intercede for them. Instead of dumping them into the sea, the Japanese might take them to the capital and place them in the stockade there. They might eventually be released.

There was a sudden throb of the engine in the adjacent compartment, and in the next moment the launch began to move. With teeth and fingers Pascual did the first knot then the second, tautening it to show it had not been tampered with. He wanted to feel the knot lashing his ankles, but the rope around his chest prevented him from bending down. With his hands free upon hitting the water, he could work on the rope around his legs, or whatever the millstone was to be fettered to him. He couldn't possibly undo the knot and release the rock in two minutes and he couldn't stay under water for more than a minute and a half. By the time he touched the sea bottom the pressure would have already done him in.

He lifted his arms to wipe the beads of sweats running down his eyes. His shirt was soaked, his legs damp. He leaned back against the hull and closed his eyes. With the rope tight about his chest it seemed he was sinking in murky water.

Footsteps sounded on the stairway, when he opened his eyes he saw booted legs going down. A Japanese soldier was moving around, peering down the faces of the prisoners. He stopped before Pascual. It was the Japanese corporal. He stretched his arm and placed something in Pascual's hand.

It was a knife, a switch-blade knife, about three inches long.

Meantime two other Japanese soldiers had also come down and were releasing Ladislao and Amando.

"That helps," the Japanese corporal was mumbling while he untied the rope that bound Pascual to the hull. "In case you decide to be heroic."

Pascual felt the switch but did not release the blade. "I wonder," he said, without expecting a reply, "if in my place you'd decide to be heroic."

The corporal was now untying the rope around his ankles. Ladislao and Amando had already gone up, the Japanese soldiers in front and behind them.

"Hard to tell. There are duties one has to do, even if he does not like to do them. A soldier, good soldier, does his duty whether he likes it or not. This war, I do not believe in it, But I had to be in it, No other choice."

Pascual's legs were now free and the corporal was gathering the length of rope in circles around his left arm.

"You have a duty to do." The corporal went on. "I think you are the kind who will die for what you believe in. Much easier for you if you are regular army. You give rank and serial number, that's all. But a guerrilla is different. The penalty is death." After a brief pause he continued, "Especially we have lost many men from your ambushes. And so you cannot expect mercy."

"Why are you giving me a chance to live?"

They had moved to the front of the stairway. The light coming from the square opening on the deck was on the face of the corporal. A Japanese face, anonymous, inscrutable.

"I had an uncle, only brother of my father; he was in Piripins for twenty-three years. He had prosperous bakery in Leyte. The letters he wrote my father all my family read. He was happy; he had many friends in the town of his business. Piripins became his country also. He visited my family once, when I was seventeen years. He returned to Leyte and would not go home on Japan. This town Leyte, Malitbog, was his home. When the war came he was called to join the Japanese Imperial Army. I have not met him; I do not know where he is."

"Do you think he was happy joining the Japanese Army?"

"Maybe not. No. But he has his duty." The corporal became quiet. "You asked me why I am giving you a chance. My uncle is one reason. The other reason is my grandfather. That is all."

The corporal nodded towards the stairway opening.

Pascual didn't move. "Couldn't you give the same chance to my companions?"

"Sorry for them. The wounded one spit on Japanese officer. That is the highest insult. The younger one, I am sorry for him. The two do not show sufficient dignity and honorableness."

Without another word Pascual stepped on the first rung and proceeded up the stairway.

It was good to breathe clean air, with cool breeze carrying the tang of the sea. The boat was already a couple of hundred meters from the jetty. The hills close to the shoreline were green but those kilometers inland were blue. He was struck anew by the singular contour of the mountain range to the northwest, the figure of a woman lying on her back, her face turned slightly to the left, her hair brushed backward forming a gentle slope, her right knee raised at a perceptively wanton angle. He had seen this profile several times in the past; he was contemplating it now with an odd sense of loss. At the foothills of the range where the woman's shoulder was Pascual's company headquarters was located. It was quite safe in those hills. Twice in seven months Japanese patrols tried to penetrate the headquarters, but because of an effective warning system, the guerrillas were prepared for them. The patrols returned to the town their number considerably reduced.

Pascual turned to the jetty, now about four hundred meters away. There was only a feeble chopiness. Wavelets crested into white blossoms and settled down into slate. The current was moving toward the southwest, in the same direction the launch was going. Further ahead, two kilometers or so from the shore, a couple of outriggers, singly manned were laying trotlines. One fisherman was paddling landward with three cubical bamboo fish traps perched on the narrow hull of the boat.

If the mayor would intercede for them, Pascual thought, as Amando was hoping he might, there would be no immediate need for the knife in his hands. He looked, fascinated, at the three coral rocks set against the wall of the wheelhouse. The brain coral he had carried, weighing approximately fifteen kilos, would pull him down with the speed of fish-weir divers as they touched bottom to direct the planting of sharpened ends of the bamboo poles. He must slash fast at the rope tying the rock to him to prevent himself from being dragged down where the sea pressure became unbearable. He pressed the switch and the blade jerked out, almost nicking the edge of his right palm. The knife was not as sharp as he would have wanted, but he should be able to sever one rope strand in five or six thrusts, this should take him from four to six seconds. In ten seconds, at the most, he should cut the two rope strands fastened to the millstone. In ten or fifteen more he should free himself from the rope binding his waist or legs or ankles.

When they were a little over half a kilometer from the shoreline, the Japanese lieutenant made a sign to the three soldiers who had fettered Pascual and his companions. The town mayor was at his left side and slightly behind. The prisoners were made to sit on their buttocks about a meter apart.

“You have last chance to save yourself. Just tell the names of officers and enlisted men of your company and we release you. Also the location of their families. You refuse and we throw you into the sea with the rocks.”

From the corner of his eyes Pascual saw the face of his companions. Ladislao was impassive, as though he had guessed what the rocks were for Amando had set his jaws tight to contain himself, he was trying to catch the eye of the mayor.

“Tie the rocks!”

The Japanese corporal, who, by some design, had stood closest to Pascual, picked up the long end of the rope and looped it around the brain coral, knotted it firmly, and with the remaining length he wound around his knees and made a knot, behind them. The shorter foot-long end he tied around the rope between the knees so that Pascual’s bound hands could touch it.

The lieutenant looked at his watch “I give you ten minutes to decide.”

After a few minutes of silence Amando spoke to the mayor in the dialect. “Manong Samuel. Manong, for my father’s sake, help us.”

The mayor stood unmoving, not even looking at Amando. He never said a word.

“Manong. In the name of God.”

It must take a lot of guts, Pascual thought, for a man to remain obdurate, to develop callousness, especially in the face of a young man, really only a boy in many ways, whose father had helped him prosper. As mayor he must have witnessed other scenes like this, for the Japanese had made it a practice to make their quisling not only spectators but also participants in the prosecution of their enemies; the Japanese perhaps believed brutality shared negated brutality, or at least mitigated it. The mayor must have killed a part of

himself, the better part of himself that really mattered, in order to preserve his holdings. What a price to pay, Pascual wanted to tell the mayor. He pitied not Amando but the mayor.

“It is ten minutes,” the lieutenant said, nodding to the soldier behind Ladislao. Two other soldiers moved forward and lifted him bodily while the third hoisted the rock.

“Your last chance,” said the lieutenant.

Ladislao cleared his throat and spat in the direction of the Japanese officer but the phlegm landed on the face of the soldier holding the rock. The two soldiers carried Ladislao to the port side of the boat, the third with the rock following close. Together they heaved Ladislao and the millstone over the railing.

With the sound of the splash Amando cried, “No, Manong Samuel, in the name of God!”

The lieutenant turned to Pascual.

So, Pascual thought, he was next, so that Amando would be terrorized into submission.

“You,” said the lieutenant, “you also want to die?”

Pascual remained silent.

One of the soldiers that helped carry Ladislao grasped Pascual by the shanks, the other held his shoulders. The Japanese corporal lifted the rock and moved with the men to the railing.

Audibly Pascual said “Thank You” to the corporal.

“Sayonara,” the corporal said, as he carefully dropped the rock with the fall of Pascual’s body. It seemed that the parting word spoken deliberately within the hearing of all was a defiance flung against his own kind.

Pascual pressed the knife switch as he hit the water. The moment the sea closed upon him he slashed the rope between his knees. He had been pulled fifteen feet down before the rope was severed and the rock dropped away. His legs now free he kicked to drive himself upward at the same time working his hands out of the loops around his wrists. When he failed to extricate them he started cutting the rope with forward thrusts of the knife, turning his clenched right hand and the open left hand in opposite directions. He had not made much progress upward with only his legs propelling him. Don't panic, he told himself. His lungs felt like bursting. Finally with one frantic whack of the knife his hands were free. With open palms he flapped his arms and in a few more seconds he was gasping for air above the water. His immediate concern was his head being seen by the people on the boat. But the boat was now about ninety meters away.

At the very moment Amando was in the air dropping into the sea.

Pascual felt mixed relief and triumph not for himself but for Amando who had not knuckled under.

### **Questions:**

1. The image of the guerrilla is one of the major figures depicted in Filipino fiction in English. In some imaginative forays, the guerrilla character is romanticized and the persecution he suffers is glossed over instead of remembered and honored. In Edilberto K. Tiempo's "Sayonara," how are Pascual, Ladislao and Amando depicted as representative figures of the guerilla movement against the Japanese during the Second World War? How do said characters view the resistance movement against the Japanese? Support your answers with pertinent references to the texts.
2. How is the Japanese soldier portrayed in the story? What is the structural and symbolic function of the character of the Japanese corporal?
3. There is a stirring attack on the Filipino traitors, collaborators and puppet officials like the town mayor in the story. How does the implied comparison between traitors and guerillas crystallize the author's view of patriotism?

4. The “American factor” is downplayed in the story. The Filipinos choose to rely on their spirit of patriotism and courage under the most cruel of circumstances. Explain this authorial choice and emphasis.

**Answers:**

1.

Guerrilla movements against the Japanese during the Second World War had been portrayed by the 3 guerrilla character that possesses bravery, nationalistic and intelligent soldier that every soldier’s possess.

The resistance movements against the Japanese regime had been successful in a manner that not all areas within the Philippine Archipelago had been invaded by the Japanese.

In portraying “Sayonara,” Japanese officers and character portrayed in this story, also possesses heart and debt of gratitude. So I therefore conclude that even “Japanese” people had a good heart and mind.

2.

Japanese soldier possesses bravery, love of country and patriotism wherein kind of heart and mind, strictness in men are uniform especially Japanese officers.

The Japanese corporal also possesses what a good soldier he has been, but with debt of gratitude, I think that the guerilla’s portrayed in the story, fortunate enough to had encountered that kind of soldier.

3.

The town Mayor portrayed in the story possesses traitor’s attitude, like many Filipino collaborators and puppets. Politics in that era also a big factors in why Japanese had invaded our country.

4.

Japanese downplayed the American's as a coward soldiers, because they left us and surrender Guerilla systems. The Filipino possesses in my idea is the bravest act of any soldiers can possess.

5.

Sayonara means "goodbye." The Japanese corporal stated it to the guerrillas as a sign of their gratitude what his relatives experienced to the Filipinos.